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to improve the UNDERSTANDING.

*Life is a Jest, and all Things shew it,
I thought so once, but now I know it.*

GAY.

L O N D O N :

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Garrick's Complete Works

OF

L. B. A. R. Y.

OF

FUN AND LAUGHTER.

With a general History of

Humour, Wit, and Entertainment.

BY

JOHN GARRICK, ESQ. OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DORSET-GARDEN.

LONDON: Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.

1769.

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Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.

Garrick's Complete Jester, &c.

MR. GARRICK, during his last illness, and for some years before, frequently complained of the stone, which disorder he was supposed to labour under: a celebrated quack once offered to supply him with a medicine that would dissolve it, but Mr. Garrick refused to accept of his services, alledging that he was sure he should never get rid of his *stone* till he exchanged it for a *Tomb-Stone*.

When it was customary for Mr. Garrick to perform some of his capital characters two or three times a week, an intimate acquaintance of his expressed his surprise that he should *work* so hard—"You're mistaken, replied Garrick, I never *work*, I am only a *Player*."

An eminent taylor at the west end of the town, having *press'd* a certain gentleman in his neighbourhood for the payment of a very long bill, day after day, to no purpose, told him plainly, at last, that he would *take a new measure*, and work him to Westminster-hall. The gentleman was a man of too much honour to discharge debts of justice, and therefore Mr. Buckram *cut out a suit for him* in the court of King's-bench, though he is determined not to *make it up* till his debt is discharged.

A clergyman, in the presence of the late Mr. Charles Churchill, was complaining of a person in company for his want of taste; for, says he, *if one says a good thing it is lost upon him*. Mr. Churchill very archly asked him the following satirical question, *Did you ever try him, sir?*

An original Anecdote.

As valour is one of those things that are not to be purchased, captain B——n, lately dismissed from the command of the Duke, in order to have at least the appearance of it, took a good hearty swig of brandy just before the engagement off Ushant; which circumstance being mentioned the other day at Portsmouth by an old lieutenant in the navy, a gentleman present took occasion to remark, that the captain then could not but be full of spirits. “He was so, (replied the tar,) but d——n it they were French ones!”

A Shropshire Anecdote.

A clergyman being preaching on the text, “Where is the Stripling?”—the words pronounced by Saul respecting David, frequently repeated his text, “Where is the Stripling?—At length a little boy cried out, “Here I am, Sir; my name is Hugh Pugh, and I live “at the sign of the Cock and Gate.”

A gentleman sent for his taylor, who happen'd to be an Irishman, and told him he had made his coat and waistcoat so little that he could not wear them, and ordered him to take them home and *let them out*. The taylor promised to obey the orders he had received, which he did in a very extraordinary manner. Some days afterwards, the gentleman wondering the taylor did not bring his clothes home, altered according to his direction, sent for him, and when Paddy arrived, ask'd him what was become of his coat and waistcoat?—*By my soul, says the ninth part of an Irishman, I have obeyed your commands and have let them out, and the devil burn me but I think I have made a very good bargain, for they happened to fit a countryman of mine, and I have let them out to him at sixpence a week, and he has engaged to wear them at that price for three months certain, whether he lives or dies.*

A gentleman, who very frequently went to take an airing on horse-back, was observed always to come home drunk, though he was never known to be intoxicated with liquor at any other time—whereupon a friend of his very archly observed

observed, *that though he had a habit of getting drunk, it was only his riding habit.*

An Irishman declared in company, that an acquaintance of his was dangerously ill of a *slight* fever, but he was so firm a friend to the English liberties, that he run the risque of quitting his *death-bed* to go to Brentford to vote for Mr. Wilkes.

During a very high wind, part of a church in Surry was blown down; and in particular a stone on which the ten commandments were engraved, was entirely broken to pieces; upon which a gentleman observed, that Boreas must be a wicked fellow indeed, that *could break all the commandments*; and that the parson of the parish was a virtuous man compared to him, for he had never broken above *five of them*.

It is not only a common custom in England to write incendiary letters, but they have now begun in Ireland. One in particular runs thus: *I will blow your brains out with a bludgeon, I'll drown all your fish, and set fire to your fish-ponds.*

Two Irishmen, upon their passage from Dublin to Parkgate, laid a trifling wager which of the two should first set their feet upon English ground. When the ship was almost arrived at the port, some boats came out to meet them, in which the two paddies immediately got; and when they were almost arrived at the shore, one of them, in order to win his wager, jumped plump into the sea, and was up to the chin in water, where he thought it would not have been up to his knees. *If this be England, said Teague, the devil burn me, if I like it at all, for a man no sooner sets his foot upon dry land, but he is up to his neck in water.*

An Irish gentleman, when he arrived in England, observed that most of the gentlemen wore gloves, especially if they walked with a cane; he therefore gave the waiter of the inn a six-penny piece, and ordered him to buy him a pair of gloves. The waiter presently returned, and said

he could not buy a pair for less than two shillings: *Rather than I would give two shillings for a pair of gloves, replied paddy, my hands should go bare-foot all the days of their lives.*

Another Irish gentleman came to England with an intent to stay a considerable time, and therefore thought it necessary to take a lodging; for which purpose he requested the master of the Blossom's inn in Laurence-lane, to look out for a lodging for him. After some little enquiry, he found an apartment in St. Paul's Church-yard, which he thought would perfectly suit him. He returned to his Hibernian acquaintance, informed him that he had succeeded in his endeavours, and had seen a lodging that would certainly please him. The honest paddy desired to know where it was.—*In St. Paul's church-yard, replied the other. Pshaw! (resumed Mr. Teague) what a pretty messenger you are to send of an errand! Did you ever hear of a man's going to live in a church-yard till after he was dead!*

A young woman, very genteely dress'd, went into the shop of an haberdasher in Cheap-side, and took an opportunity, when she thought she was not perceived, to convey a quantity of lace into her pocket. She could not, however, escape the vigilant eye of the haberdasher, who immediately accosted her in these polite terms: *I am sorry, miss, that you should take so large a quantity of my lace without asking my leave. Indeed, Sir, said she, I have not touch'd your lace—you are quite mistaken. Since you deny it, replied he, catching hold of her, you are now my prisoner, and therefore you are miss-taken.*

When Mr. Garrick, in the character of Hastings, some nights ago, was going off the stage, after having repeated the following line,

And die with pleasure for my country's good,

a droll tar in the upper gallery cried out, after having dislodged a quid, *Avast, brother, with your cheek-jaw and palaver!—Lords an't so ready to die for Old England now-a-days.*

A matrimonial Anecdote; from the French.

A married man, whose wife (in other respects a good sort of a woman) had made him suffer his purgatory in this world; on his decease, went directly to Paradise, which he had richly deserved by his patience. When he came to the gate, he knocked; St. Peter very kindly opened the gate, and invited him to take the place which was assigned him in heaven. The husband stood still to consider; after which he thought it prudent to ask the saint, whether his wife had not strayed thither? The porter answering him in the affirmative, the good man was satisfied. He immediately took to his heels, and ran directly to h—, chusing rather to leave paradise, where his wife was, who would not have failed to have rendered it a place of misery. Now, if *good women*, especially those who are reported such, are enough to make a man run away from heaven, what must the *bad ones* be in the lower regions?

A gentleman in a certain coffee-house, expressed his astonishment that the m—y should obtain a pardon for M'Quirk, when it is universally known and acknowledged, that the said M'Quirk had a design upon the crown.

N. B. *M'Quirk killed Mr. Clarke by a violent blow on the head with a bludgeon.*

An Irishman, speaking of the persons who attended Mr. Lutterell to Brentford at the election, said, *That he himself counted at least two hundred freeholders who had no right to vote.*

A fire lately happened at a pawnbroker's shop, and, as usual, a number of pilferers were busy at their harvest; one of them was stopt with a suit of clothes under his arm, which he was running away with, and ask'd what business he had with them? *I am, says he, only redeeming some clothes that I pawn'd here yesterday.* A person present replied, *If this is your method of redemption, you merit a halter instead of salvation.*

Another person at the same fire, was stopt with a bible under his arm: his excuse was, that *he was a methodist, and could not bear the thoughts of having the word of God burnt.*

A taylor, having mended a pair of breeches for one of his customers, was carrying them home, when he saw a funeral pass by, attended in the procession by an apothecary whom he knew.—*So, master, says he to the apothecary, I see you are going to carry your work home too, as well as I.*

Mr. Moody, in the character of the Irish gentleman at the Jubilee, said, he had been travelling up and down, all round the town at Stratford upon Avon, to endeavour to find a bit of supper and a bed, but the devil a *toothful* could he get of either.

One evening, a gentleman very much in liquor, was leaning against a post in Cheapside; a fellow coming by at the same time, seeing he was in such a situation that he could not pursue him, snatched his hat off his head, and ran away with it: another of the same fraternity, at a little distance, saw what had happened, and told the gentleman that a man had stole his hat and run away with it, and asked him why he did not run after him? *I am so damn'd drunk, says he, that I can hard'y stand, and therefore I cannot run after him. If that's the case, said the other, I may safely venture to steal your wig; which he immediately took from the gentleman's head, got clear off, and left the old toper bare-headed, hugging the post, and lamenting the loss of his hat and wig.*

A gentleman, who was upwards of six feet high, thought he should make a very respectful figure in the army, and therefore purchased a cornet's commission: as he had occasion to be frequently absent upon duty, his wife was not willing to have her duty neglected at home: she therefore took the advantage of his absence to indulge a criminal passion with a young gentleman, who was a neighbour, and who was also intimately acquainted with the husband. One evening, when the cornet was at home, this young gentleman supped and spent the evening with him and his wife. The military hero, after drinking pretty briskly, began to be full of spirits; in short, he was three-fourths drunk, and boasting much of his prowess, among other things, he said to his companion, that he was a much better man than him

him in every respect; and with regard to performing the ladies business, he would lay five hundred pounds that he could please a woman better than him. The wife immediately interrupted him, by begging he would keep his money in his pocket, and added, that *If he laid five millions, she was sure he would lose.*

A quaker from New-England, happened to be at Rome when the Pope was invested, and seeing him all in his pomp, said, *His master walked humbly, and made no such figure.* A Jesuit whispered him, *That the first planters of any scheme seldom thrive, though their successors grow rich.*

A quaker, who had been sued at law by a neighbour, and who came off second best at the trial; was determined to be revenged of his adversary. One day he accidentally met him, and accosted him in very civil terms, *Friend, said he, thee and I have had some little misunderstanding together, but as matters are now adjusted, I hope we shall not continue at variance. Wilt thou dine with me to-day? I shall be very glad of thy company to partake of what my table affords.* The other readily consented; but before the quaker took him into the room where they were to dine, he heated the wrong end of the poker almost red hot, but not quite; and, taking it out, placed it in its proper situation by the side of the fire. He then ushered in his friend; but before he had been there half a minute, *Friend, said Aminadab, as thou sittest next the fire, I should be obliged to thee if thou wouldst stir it.* The other, not suspecting the trap that was laid for him, innocently took up the poker, and burnt his hand in a most shocking manner. It is impossible to conceive the rage into which he was thrown by this revengeful artifice, and he abused the quaker in the grossest manner, though not so much as he deserved. The quaker made no other answer than this: *Friend, thou art only burnt in the hand, and that thou hast deserved these many years.*

Last night died, at his apartments in Old Bond-street, after an illness of six days, which he bore with the most perfect

perfect resignation, the lap-dog of a lady of distinction. On Sunday last he caught a very violent cold, by having been left upwards of four hours in a damp closet, through the carelessness of a foot-boy. When released from the closet, his whole frame was in the most dreadful tremor; upon which he was put to bed, and many nutritives were given him, but without effect, for he could keep nothing on his stomach; however, the tremor gradually abated, and on Monday Dr. Hill's Bardana was applied, but no relief was found even from this celebrated remedy: on Tuesday he was exceedingly costive, upon which some laxatives were administered, and on Wednesday he evacuated plentifully; on Thursday he was considerably better, and seemed in a fair way of recovery; but yesterday he relapsed, and expired as above-mentioned. The foot-boy was carried before justice F——, who committed him till the coroner's inquest should determine whether the lad was guilty of murder, or *manslaughter*.

A person speaking in commendation of his absent friend, said he was an *honest man*, and a very *good dyer*. Another observed that, if he was an honest man he was *fit to dye*. Very true, replied the other, if a man is not a good liver he is not *fit to dye*. A third person remarked, that if he had regularly served an apprenticeship, he had a right to say with the Apostle, *I dye daily*. An Irishman put in his oar. —*Devil burn me, my dear, says he, there is some colour for what you say about dying, for a man that is bred and born to be a dyer, has a right to dye every day of his life, or else how can he live?*

A gentleman, who had favoured the public with an elegant translation of the works of Anacreon, saw some time afterwards another translation of the same author advertised to be published. He hastened to a bookseller to purchase it, and, perusing a few pages, thought it much inferior to his own. *Pray, Sir, says he, to the bookseller, what is this gentleman, who has given to the world a new translation of Anacreon? He is a brewer, replied old Quarto. —If that's the case, says the other, we must give him some grains of allowance.*

A young

A young fellow, making an attempt upon the chastity of a young girl, among other protestations declared he would marry her the next day, if she complied with his request. The young woman strenuously refused to gratify his wishes, *Your scruples, said he, to a man that loves you as I do, are weak and frivolous, and have no weight. They are such scruples, replied she, as shall out-weigh many drams of your impudence and impertinence.*

A person who lives at the bottom of Snow-hill has these words over his door, *Thomas Wilson from ABOVE.* A countryman observing it, said, *These Londoners want to hum us countrymen, and to make us think that some of them came down from the clouds, but we are not quite so foolish as they think for. I rather think he came from below, as you and I did.*

The church-warden of St. Sepulchres caused a board to be affixed to the church, with these words. *Take notice, that whoever shall presume to throw any dust or rubbish in this church-yard shall be prosecuted.*—Notwithstanding this caution, a poor man was soon after detected emptying a basket of dirt on the premises, and was taken into custody. —*Don't you see, said the church-warden, the notice that is stuck up against the wall?—The culprit made this reply; you see, Sir, that your NOTICE is stuck up at least seven feet high, therefore I hope you'll excuse me, because, says he, (pointing up to the board) I am below your no ice.* This arch reply put the church-warden into a good humour, and the offender was forgiven.

Mr. Daniel G——n, a man celebrated for his humour, being once at Bristol, invited no less than six quakers (all of whom he had dealings with) to sup with him at his inn. Presently after supper, some of the friends who had heard of the fame of Mr. G——, were anxious to have a song from him; but it being inconsistent with their plan of purity, to request so profane a favour, they went an indirect way to work, *Friend Daniel, said one, dost not thee sometimes amuse thyself with singing a song? I do says Daniel. Then if thou art inclined, resumed*
old.

old Broad-Brim, to amuse theyself after that manner now, we shall not oppose thee. After repeated hints of this kind, which in fact amounted to a direct invitation, Daniel began to amuse *himself* with singing, agreeable to their request, at which the friends appeared to be as agreeably amused as he was. It is necessary to observe that this happened on a Saturday night, and the clock struck *twelve* just as Dan had sung about three verses of that very modest song called, '*Hast thou not seen a book called Tristram Shandy, ma'am?*' Daniel paused, and being a very righteous man, expressed some scruples of conscience, saying he did not choose to proceed as it was then *Sunday-Morning*. *Thou may'st finish thy song, friend Daniel,* replied *one of the broad-brims,* for I can assure thee the clock goes five minutes too fast?

A quaker, driving in a single horse chaise, up a green-lane that leads from Newington-Green to Hornsey, happen'd to meet with a young blood, who was also in a single horse chaise. There was not room enough for them to pass each other, unless one of them would back his carriage, which they both refused. *I'll not make way for you,* says the blood, *d——n my eyes if I will. I think I am older than thou art,* said the quaker, *and therefore I have a right to expect thee to make way for me.*—I won't, dam me, resumed the first. He then pulled out a news-paper, and began to read, as he sat still in his chaise; the quaker observing him, pulled out a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and with a conveniency which he carried about him, struck a light, illuminated his pipe, and sat and smoaked away very comfortably.—*Friend,* said he, *to the young blood,* when thou hast read that paper through, I should be glad if thou wouldst lend it me. My young gentleman, seeing the obstinacy of the quaker was not to be overcome, prudently made way for him, but not till after he had favour'd him with a few oaths, curses, and imprecations.

An Irishman called out of a three pair of stairs window, to a friend of his whom he saw in the street, and desired him to come up stairs; the other excused himself, and said he could not possibly spare time. *What,* said the honest
teague,

teague, because I have had misfortunes, and am low in the world, you are above coming up to see me. When I was in affluence, and lived upon a ground floor, you condescended to visit me; but now my indigent circumstances oblige me to live up in a garret, you look down upon me,

A facetious gentleman, was relating in company that his friend Mr. M——y the council, and Mr. serjeant Wh——t——er, sat out together upon the circuit in a post-chaise; but as they were not so eminent as they are now, they met with so little encouragement, that they could not afford to return in the same manner; therefore *serjeant Wh——t——er, came back in a stage-coach and Mr. M——y in the basket.*

A lady, who once paid a visit to Mr. Foote, at his house at West-end, near Hamstead, express'd great satisfaction on viewing the garden, and its environs; and was remarkably well pleased with a *fine piece of water*, as she called it, at the bottom of the garden; though in fact it was little more than a ditch. *Pray Mr. Foote, says the lady, how do you get this canal supplied with water? Madam, replied the humourist, my maids empty their chamber-pots in it every morning.*

It is said that a lady of pleasure, who lives in George-street, and is daughter of a quack doctor, that publishes medicines for *the cure of a certain disorder*, never grants any gentleman the favour, without stipulating in her agreement, that if they happen to receive any injury, they shall deal with her papa.

An Epitaph upon the unlamented death of a talkative Old Maid,

Here lyeth the body of M. B. spinster, aged forty-three, who, on the tenth day of August, 1764, became *silent.*

Attornies are to lawyers, what apothecaries are to physicians,—only they do not deal in *scruples.*

A certain

A young gentleman having spent all the money which he had brought with him from a neighbouring kingdom, made a visit to a certain bookseller, with a poem, which he had composed, *In praise of Riches*. The bibliopolist, knowing the value of money better than the poet did, offered him a small sum, but a sum not at all inadequate to the intrinsic merit of the piece presented to him—The poet pocketed the *five shillings*, but being determined to keep up the dignity of the gentleman at the same time, said, *This is a trifle, Sir, but I write merely for my amusement—were I to live by writing I find I should starve.*

A citizen's wife, who was apt to tippie a little sometimes, was one summer evening walking out with her husband to take an airing. They had not gone far before the sky appeared very cloudy, and a shower was expected. *It rains my dear*, said the wife. *Not yet, my dear*, replied the husband; *but I fancy it will not be long first. Indeed, my Johnny, the wife said, it rains now, for I have just this minute held up my face, and a drop fell into my eye. You may imagine so*, said the husband, *but give me leave to tell you, that you had a drop in your eye before you came from home.*

An Irish gentleman, in company with some friends at a tavern, hearing a person walking up stairs, offered to lay wager that he knew who was coming. The wager was accepted and won, for the gentleman whom he had named appeared. *I was sure I should win*, said the honest Hibernian, *for I knew the voice of his foot.*

Mr. S —, a gentleman who was a candidate to represent a borough in the West, got only one vote, and his opponent upwards of an hundred. A person said, he wonder'd Mr. S — did not demand a scrutiny, as *he lost it but by one.*

The epithets and figures, that some people make use of in telling a story, are truly ridiculous and laughable. A person once related what had happened to him in the following words:—*I was crossing a large field, and when I*
came

' came pretty near the middle, a bull followed me, and roar'd like thunder; I flew like lightning to keep out of his clutches; and being in such a tedious hurry in getting over the stile, I tore my breeches, as if heaven and earth were coming together.'

Not long ago, when there was a very high wind, a convict under sentence of death, in Newgate, said to the ordinary, one morning, ' I have not been able to sleep a wink all night, for the wind has been so high, that I thought our house would have been blown down.'

An Irishman said, he was very fond of the *Women in general*; but that an *African girl*, with whom he got acquainted upon the Gold coast, pleased him better than all the rest of the *fair sex* put together.

What peculiar phrases some people have in conversation. I once went to be amused with the debates at the Queen's Arms in Newgate-street, the president of which made a frequent use of the words *What not?* Speaking of the extravagancy of young Tradesmen, he said, ' Things are come to such a pass, now-a-days, that every petty tradesman must be continually running to Vaux hall, Ranelagh and the Play-houses, and *what not?* — By which means they become acquainted with the infamous women of the town, and contract bad diseases, and *what not?* By these means they destroy their wealth and constitution, and *what not?* — And presently after get themselves into a Gaol, or the Gazette, and *what not?* and perhaps they have a young family at home, exposed to want and beggary, and *what not?* I could not help shewing my approbation of this elegant harrangue, which I did in the following words: ' Mr. President, you are a man of great erudition, ingenuity, genius, and *what not?*'

A friend of mine is as fond of the phrase, *things of that kind*, as Mr. President was of *what not?* The words, *things of that kind*, were terms that he would frequently apply to the most opposite articles, I'll give you a specimen.

'I am very fond,' said he to me, 'of *leg of veal*, or *ox-cheek*, and *things of that kind*; but I abominably hate *roast-beef*, or *boil'd fowl*, or *tripe*, or *things of that kind*. I don't like to see your *oratorios*, and puppet-shews, and *things of that kind*; but I am very fond of *comedies* and *tragedies* and *things of that kind*.' I once proposed to walk with him to Richmond. 'No,' replied he, 'it is too far to walk; let us take a boat or a coach, or *something of that kind*.' He once declared to me, that he was quite weary of a *single life*, and would get *married or something of that kind*; but if he should happen to express himself in so coarse a manner, to the young lady he should happen to address, she would probably give him a denial, or *something of that kind*.

A person in company said to another, you are a damn'd scoundrel.—The other replied, 'Gentlemen you must not mind what that man says, *he is only talking of himself*.'

A gentleman in pursuit of a highwayman that had robbed him, at length gave up the chase, and said he rode so fast it was impossible to overtake him; but I have this satisfaction, continued he, that *justice will overtake him*, if I cannot.

When Mr. Heidegger was formerly master of the public amusements, he declared he gain'd more by one ridotto than two masquerades; for he said at the former, ladies with difficulty could be persuaded even to sip a glass of wine, but with masks on, the same people would drink a bottle.

Dryden's translation of Virgil being commended by a Right Revd. Bishop, a witty Earl said, 'the original is indeed excellent, but every thing suffers by a translation, except a Bishop.'

Some time before L—d H——d's trip to the continent, when the public defaulter was the general subject of conversation, as he, his lady, and second son were in the coach going to H——d House, my lord asked his son jocosely 'What the world thought of him.' The other excused himself

self for some time, observing he might be angry with him if he told him the truth, which the other assured him he should not, let it be what it would: 'Why then, Sir, (says Mr. F——x) they say there is not a greater r——e unhang'd.' And pray, Sir, (return'd the father with great emotion) 'where is your spirit not to resent such an injury?' My Lord, replied the son, 'I should by no means want spirit, to resent any injury offered my father, as I look upon it the same as to myself; nor should any *single* person dare to mention it with impunity. But surely, my Lord, you would not have me fight *every body*.'

One day last week a country gentleman, possessed of a small estate in Yorkshire, being tired of having attended the levee of a certain great man for several years, to no purpose, waited on his lordship to let him know that he would give him no farther trouble, as he had just got a *place*. My Lord shook him heartily by the hand, and told him he was extremely glad of his success, making a thousand apologies, at the same time, for not having it in his power to reward him according to his merit. — 'And pray, Mr. S——, 'where is your *place*?' 'In the York machine, my Lord; I secured it yesterday, and shall set off to-morrow morning.—Your Lordship has intirely cured me of ambition.'

On a witty Lady's being informed that Lady G——r had been discovered in an affair with the Duke of C——d, the person observing to her that her Ladyship had some years ago been talked of with the Duke of Y—k, and that it proved her a most *disloyal wife*. — 'True, replied the Lady, 'but you must allow it proves her a very *loyal subject*, by shewing her *steady attachment* to the r—l family.'

A Physician at Bath lately told Mr. Foote, that he had a mind to publish his poems; but, said he, I have so many irons in the fire, I do not know what to do. 'Then take my advice,' said Foote, 'and put your *poems into the fire with the rest of your irons*.'

A certain Nobleman, as famous for his courage as his wit, being a short time since at Mrs. Cornelys', having his spectacles on, and looking about for some of his female acquaintance, in despair, thus addressed an old school-fellow of his. —Egad, Tom, it's impossible to meet with a woman one knows; formerly one was sure of finding some of one's female acquaintance, when they wore their own natural faces—but now they are all in masquerade, the only difference between this and that in the Hay-market, is, that there they wear black velvet masks; here they consist of white lead and vermillion; but the deception is equal.'

It is confidently asserted of Lady ———, that her Lord having some very strong suspicions of her ladyship's infidelity, and even the just right his daughters had to call him father, her ladyship made this very satisfactory declaration: 'I solemnly declare, my lord, that you have not the least reason to doubt of your being their father; for I protest, before heaven, that I never injured your bed, till *after* I was pregnant.'

In an inventory of the effects of a gentleman, who lately died in the county of Donegal, in Ireland, which has been transmitted by an eminent attorney at that place, to the heir at law of the deceased in this city, is the following curious article —“ *Item, To an empty candle-chest full of old wigs, worth nothing at all, - - - - £ 0 5 0*

The following advertisement appeared in the Gazetteer, in October last. “A lady, in whose power it is to promote the interest of a *single gentleman*, is willing to engage her friendship to him, if possessed of honour, *spirit*, address and *secrecy*. As this address may possibly engage the attention of many, it may be necessary to say, that no person can reap the proposed advantage, unless above a *mean suspicion*, and capable, from his fortune, as well as disposition, to *do a favour immediately* for the advertiser.”

A few days ago the wardens of a church, not far from Bread-street, gave orders for a glazier to come and clean the
the

the windows of the church; but when he came, they all tered their mind; and, to make himself amends for the disappointment, the modest glazier set down the following article in his bill, which has been since paid. "For carrying and bringing back a ladder, 7s. 6d.

An Irish gentleman being informed of the death of an acquaintance of his, whom he respected, said he would go into *second* mourning for him. Being observed, a few days afterwards in deep mourning, with weepers, a person said to him, "I thought, sir, you said you should go into *second mourning*." Why, this is second mourning replied the Hibernian, for I never was in mourning but *once* before.

The following is a true copy of a painter's bill at Cirencester, delivered to the church-wardens of an adjoining parish:

Mr. Charles Ferebee (Church-warden of Siddington,)

To Joseph Cook,

Dr.

To mending the Commandments—altering the

Belief—and making a New Lord's-Prayer - 1l. 1s.

Some persons, in Edinburgh, murmuring and complaining that none of the Royal Family ever made a tour that way to visit Scotland; "recollect yourself," said an Englishman, "can you forget that the Duke of Cumberland paid you a visit in the year 1745?"

One Easter Monday, an arch rogue meeting a *blind* woman who was crying puddings and pies, took her by the arm and said. Come along with me, dame, I am going to *Moorfields*, where this holiday time, you may chance to meet with good custom.—Thank'e kindly, sir, says she. Whereupon he conducted her to *Cripplegate church*, and placed her in the middle isle. Now, says he, you are in *Moorfields*; which she believed to be true, immediately cried out, *Hot puddings and pies! hot puddings and pies.—Came, they are all hot, &c.* which caused the whole congregation to burst out in a loud laughter; and the clerk came

and told her, she was in a church; you are a lying son of a whore, says she. Which so enraged the clerk, that he dragged her out of the church; she cursing and damning him all the while; nor would she believe him till she heard the organs play.

A great crowd being gathered about a poor cobbler, who had just died in the street, a man asked Tom Brown what was to be seen? Only a cobbler's end, replied he.

As Tom Brown was sitting at a table with another gentleman, who speaking of the fair sex in general, affirmed that there was not one honest woman among them all. *If it be so*, replied Tom, *one of these two things must necessarily follow; you must either be a cuckold, and a son of a whore, or you have told a damn'd lie.*

As a boy was leading a calf with both hands, a nobleman happened to pass by upon the highway; the boy, it seems, minded the calf more than the lord, and went juggling on, without moving his hat. *Why, firrah*, says the nobleman, *have you no more manners than to stand staring me in the face with your hat on?* *Alas*, says the boy, *I'll pull off my hat with all my heart, if your lordship will but 'light, and hold my calf in the mean time.*

A merry cobbler, as he sat stitching in his stall, was fingering a piece of his own composition, wherein he very often repeated these words, *viz. The king said to the queen, and the queen said to the king.*—What was it the king said to the queen, said one who heard him. Crispin snatcht up his trap, and lays it, with all his might, across the shoulder, of the impertinent querist: *How now, sauce box*, says he, *it is a fine age we live in, when such coxcombs as you must be rying into matters of state. I'd have you to know, firrah, I am too loyal a subject to betray the king's secrets; and pray get you gone, and don't interrupt me in my lawful occupation, lest I stick my awl in your a—se, and put an end to your folly.*

A young lady asked a gentleman, who was a lawyer,
what

what was the most surprising curiosity in all sir Hans Sloane's collection? He answered, *a virgin at fifteen years of age.* Indeed, sir, replied the lady, you are mistaken, for I have been told by several, that in his whole collection, there is nothing so curious as an *honest lawyer.*

A gentleman talking of the four elements, expressed great admiration at the creation of water, Lord, sir, said a merry lady, there's nothing so very curious in that, *for I can make water.*

A country maid riding to market, her mare stumbled in the middle of the market-place, and threw her topsy-turvy. shewing all for nothing; but she receiving no harm by the fall, speedily got up again, and turning herself to the laughing people, said, *Sirs, did you ever see the like before? Never but once, said a country fellow, and that was a black one.*

A woman whose husband was ill, went to Dr. Ratcliff with some of his urine in a urinal, to desire him to prescribe for him. The doctor took the urinal out of the woman's hand, and after emptying it, made water in it himself. He then asked her what trade her husband was of, she answered a shoe-maker; why then, said the doctor, do you take this water of mine to him, *and if he can fit me with a pair of Soles by looking at it, then will I prescribe for him by looking at his water.*

A citizen's wife being in the country, and seeing a goose that had many goslings; *how is it possible, said she, that one goose should suckle so many goslings.*

Mrs. ——— called to her servants to know what ill smell was in the kitchen? They answered, they were making matches. Well, said she, *I have heard matches were made in heaven, but by the brimstone one would think they were made in hell.*

A gentleman, who had been very silly and pert in a lady's

lady's company, at last began to grieve at remembering the loss of his child, lately dead. A bishop sitting by, advised him to make himself easy, because the child was gone to heaven. I believe, my lord, said the lady, *'tis that which makes him grieve, because he is sure never to see his child there.*

A sea captain being just come a-shore, was invited by some gentlemen to a hustling match. After the sport was over, he gave his friends this particular account of what pastime he had: *Our horses being compleatly rigged, we manned them, and the wind being at S.W. twenty of us being in company, away we set over the downs. In the time of half a watch we spied a hare under a full gale, we tacked and stood after her; coming up close, she tacked, and we tacked, upon which tack I had like to have run a-ground; but getting close off I stood after her again; but as the devil would have it, just about to lay her a-board, bearing too much wind, I and my horse overjet, and came keel upwards.*

Two gentlemen being in a pair of oars, one of them was affronted by the waterman; firrah, says the other gentleman, hold your prating, or else I'll knock your head and the wall together.

A gentleman asked a shepherd, whether that river might be passed over or not? Yes, says he; but upon trying he flounced over head and ears. Why, you rogue, says he, did you not tell me it might be passed over? *I thought so, for my geese go over and back again every day, and I did not doubt but you was as wise as a goose.*

A lord lieutenant going over to Ireland, with his lady and family, was, in his passage, overtaken by a violent storm, that the mariners themselves gave the vessel over for lost, and expected every instant that she would either founder or go a-shore. At this juncture a sailor observing one of the menial servants standing pale with fear at the cabin door, came up to him, and asked him if he had ever lain with a duchess. No, says the poor fellow, frightened at such waggery, in such a dangerous time: Why then, says the tar,

tar, you have that pleasure to come, *for by G—d, we shall all lie with her Grace in less than half an hour.* The Duke, who overheard this, when the storm was abated, and the danger was over, sent the fellow a handsome present, and forgave him the impudence of the joke, for the sake of its wit.

A fribble being invited to supper at a lady's, burst into tears the moment supper was brought in. The lady was surprized at this sudden grief, and asked the occasion of it. Ah, madam, said he, sighing, occasion enough! You may remember my poor little lap dog, that died t'other day of a violent cold; and that leg of lamb and spinnage, do so put me in mind of my Chloe *sunning herself upon a grass-plat*, that I cannot refrain from tears.

One called a man Ox, in the presence of his wife, at which she seemed to be angry: Said another, Why do you call the man Ox, when all the parish knows he is an *ass*? He is not an *ass* neither, replied the wife, *for asses never wear horns, and my husband does*, therefore I'll swear he is no *ass*.

One swore an *Fel* was the longest lived of all creatures, for it lived longest after it was dead.

A Quaker's Grace before Meat. By T. Brown.

Bless this our dinner; bless this tripe, and this loin of veal; for it was a Molten Calf that made Israel to sin: Bless these potatoes and this custard, for the land of Canaan flowed with milk and honey: Bless also these tarts, for thy judgments are tart, unless they are sweetened with the sugar of thy mercy. Sowse us therefore in the powdering tub of thy mercy, that we may be tripes fit for thy heavenly table. Water us young thrubs with the dew of thy blessing, that we may grow up into tall oaks, and live to be sawed into deal-boards to wainscot thy new Jerusalem. Finally, let this dinner improve and nourish our bodies, so that we may with love and holiness embrace our sisters, to the edifying of the spirit, in raising up the New Man.

When

When the late Mr. Kitchen died, one was saying, what will death have his kitchen under ground? No, replied another, death won't keep the Kitchen long, for the devil has bespoke it.

A simple fellow was making great moan, and said, He had got such a pain in his feet, that he *was not able to lift up his hand to his head.*

A *Welshman* hearing a malefactor, that was tried before him, say, concerning a mare he had stolen, that he had brought it up from a colt; when he came to be examined about a sword he had stolen, swore by St. Davy it was his own, *for he had brought it up from a dagger.*

A young chaplain who had neither a good voice nor skill in singing, yet thought every one admired him, often observed an old woman to fall a crying when a psalm was singing; for which, one day he asked her before some of the chiefest of the house, what moved her to weep so often when the psalm was singing? Alas, sir, said she, when I lived in the country with my husband, *we had the misfortune to loose a she-ass, which was very profitable to us, and your voice doth so much resemble hers, that every time I hear you sing, I cannot forbear thinking of the poor creature.*

Mr. Jokish and Mr. Jackson, two tradesmen of London, went to Westchester fair to lay a little money out; and being there one night, the chamberlain of the inn where they lodged, happened to conduct him through an apartment where were two men in bed together. Mr. Jokish observed that one of them was so plaguy long shanked, that his legs were half way out at the feet of the bed; which he no sooner saw than he conceived a mighty desire to have a little humour with them. And as soon as they came into the next room, where they were to lie, he says to the chamberlain, you may now leave us, and we will take care of the candle ourselves. — So, when the chamberlain retired, he acquainted his bedfellow with his design. — Did you observe, says he, the man in the next room, with his legs half

half a yard out of the feet of the bed? Yes, replied Jackson, and what then?—If you will hold the candle just at the door, answered Jokish, and light me, and take it away at my signal, I will shew you some diversion.—With all my heart! replies Jackson. So they both of them pulled off their slippers, to prevent making a noise. And as soon as Jokish came into the room where the two men lay, he espied by the bed-side a pair of spurs; one of which he takes up, and gently puts it upon the man's naked foot that hung so far out of bed: And as soon as he had buckled it fast, he beckoned his friend Jackson to take away the candle, and shut the door; and then he gives Teague (for he happened to be an Irishman) a good hard pinch upon the same foot that he had put the spur upon. The Irishman at this began to growl confoundedly, and hauling up his feet into the bed (though not awake) he scratched his bedfellow's legs sadly with the spur! who being a Scotchman, roars out, in a devilish passion,—De'el damn you, sir, gen ye'se not gang out of the bed, and cut your toe nails, by God, I'll throw you out of the window.——The Irishman being yet asleep, and not in the least sensible of what had passed, soon after thrust down his legs as they were before; at which the Scotchman began to pummel the Irishman heartily. Presently after, the Irishman rolling his feet about the bed, struck the rowel of the spur into his own leg, which thoroughly awaked him. At this, he with some surprize, putting down his hand to feel what was the matter with his foot, cried out, in a very great passion,—*Arrah, damn my shoul, but the Horstler of dish an ish a very great vajcar, for, by Christ, but he has pulled off both my boots, and like a damned rogue, has left one of my spurs on.*

One seeing a bare-legged fellow running, said, do you hear, friend, when these stockings are worn out I'll give you a new pair. You may save yourself that charge, said he, for they have lasted me these thirty years without repair, and I have a pair of breeches of the same, and every whit as old, and you may see, sir, there is but one small hole in them, about big enough to put your nose in.

An Irish officer in Minorca, was found by a gentleman, who came to visit him in a morning, a little ruffled, and being asked the reason, he replied, that he had lost a pair of fine *black silk* stockings out of his room, that cost him eighteen shillings; but he hoped he should get them again, for he had ordered them to be cried, with a reward of half a crown for the person who brought them. His friend observing, that this was too poor a recompence for such a pair of silk stockings: Phoh, man, replied he, I directed the crier to say they were *worsted*.

When Mr. Powell, the celebrated fire-eater, came first to London, a gentleman in the green-room at Covent-garden house said, on reading the advertisement, 'twas pity he had not come sooner to have prevented the mischief done in Cornhill; for by the account he had given of himself he would have eat that fire up presently. And while they were disputing about the man's abilities, sir, says Mr. Quin, *I look upon him to be the greatest man in the world, for he is in no fear of fire, and may bid the devil kiss his a--je.*

One seeing his son do mischief, cries out, firrah, did you ever see me do so when I was a boy?

A countryman passing by the watch in the city, they stopped him, he told them he was in haste, but asked them who they watched for? They said, for the king (meaning the king's watch.) For the king! says he, then by my troth, I can bring very good witnesses that I am no such man; for I've even Johnny Thump of Yorkshire, and have been of an errand for my master.

Pope having been lighted home by a link-boy, offered to give him somewhat less than he expected; upon which he demanded more; Pope protested, that he had no more half-pence left; repeating a term familiar to him, when a little vexed, God mend me! The boy finding that nothing was to be got, went away muttering, loud enough to be overheard, *God mend me, God mend me, quotha! Five hundred such as I might be made before one such a crooked son of a*
bitch

bitch as you could be mended.

Soon after Mr. V——t was chosen sheriff of the city of London, Mr. Foote met him in the Strand, and observing his chain about his neck—"I could have saved you, said he, the expence of that chain, Mr. Sheriff, if you had consulted me.—Garrick would have lent you his *jack chain*, for he has not the *least occasion* for it."

A gentleman who called to pay a morning visit to Mr. Foote, took notice of a bust of Mr. Garrick's placed upon his bureau. "Do you know my reason, says Foote, for making Roscius stand centry there?" Really, I do not, replied his friend. "I placed him there, resumed the wit, to *take care of my money*, for by G——, I can't take care of it myself."

Intelligence.

Last night died, at his apartments in Old Bond-street, after an illness of six days, which he bore with the most perfect resignation, the lap-dog of a lady of distinction. On Sunday last he caught a very violent cold, by having been left upwards of four hours in a damp closet, through the carelessness of a foot-boy. When released from the closet, his whole frame was in the most dreadful tremor; upon which he was put to bed, and many nutritives were given him, but without effect, for he could keep nothing on his stomach; however, the tremor gradually abated, and on Monday Dr. Hill's Bardana was applied, but no relief was found even from this celebrated remedy: on Tuesday he was exceedingly costive, upon which some laxatives were administered, and on Wednesday he evacuated plentifully; on Thursday he was considerably better, and seemed in a fair way of recovery; but yesterday he relapsed and expired as above-mentioned. The foot-boy was carried before justice F—, who committed him till the coroner's inquest should determine whether the lad was guilty of murder or *man-slaughter*.

A gentleman, who very frequently went out to take an airing on horseback, was observed always to come home drunk, though he was never seen to be intoxicated with liquor at any other time—whereupon a friend of his very archly observed, that though he had a *bad habit* of getting drunk, it was only his *riding habit*.

Mr. Daniel G——n, a man celebrated for his humour, being once at Bristol, invited no less than six quakers (all of whom he had dealings with) to sup with him at his inn. Presently after supper, some of the friends who had heard of the fame of Mr. G——, were anxious to have a song from him; but it being inconsistent with their plan of purity, to request so profane a favour, they went an indirect way to work, “Friend, Daniel, said one, dost not thee sometimes amuse thyself with singing a song?” I do, says Daniel. “Then if thou art inclined, resumed old Broad-Brim, to amuse thyself after that manner now, we shall not oppose thee.” After repeated hints of this kind, which is fact, amounted to a direct invitation. Daniel began to amuse himself with singing, at which the friends appeared to be as agreeably amused as he was. It is necessary to observe that this happened on a Saturday night, and the clock struck twelve just as Dan had sang about three verses of that very modest song called ‘Hast thou not seen a book called Trifram Shandy, ma’am?’ Daniel paused, and being a very righteous man, expressed some scruples of conscience, saying, he did not chuse to proceed as it was then Sunday-Morning.—Thou may’st finish thy song, friend Daniel, replied one of the broad-brims, for I can assure thee *the clock goes five minutes too fast?*

It is said that a lady of pleasure, who lives in George-street, and is daughter of a quack doctor, that publishes medicines for the cure of a certain disease, never grants any gentleman the favour, without stipulating in their agreement, that if they happen to receive any injury, they shall deal with her papa.

A young

A young gentleman having spent all the money he had brought with him from a neighbouring kingdom, made a visit to a certain bookseller with a poem, which he had composed, In praise of Riches. The bibliopolist, knowing the value of money better than the poet, offered him a small sum, but a sum not at all adequate to the intrinsic value of the piece presented to him.—The poet pocketed the five shillings, but being determined to keep up the dignity of the gentleman at the same time, said, "This is a trifle, Sir, but I write merely for my amusement,—were I to live by writing, I find I should starve."

The Loyal Subject.

On a witty lady's being informed that lady G——r had been discovered in an affair with the Duke of C——d, the person observing to her that her ladyship had some years ago been talked of with the duke of Y——k, and that it proved her a most disloyal wife.—True, replied the lady, but you must allow it proves her a very loyal subject, by shewing her steady attachment to the r——l family.

A physician at Bath lately told Mr. Foote, that he had a mind to publish his poems; but, said he, I have so many *irons in the fire*, I do not know what to do. Then take my advice, said Foote, and put your poems into the fire with the rest of your *irons*.

Humorous Anecdote of the late Ned Shuter.

At the close of that season in which Shuter first became so universally, and so deservedly celebrated, for performing the character of *Master Stephen*, in the revived comedy of *Every Man in His Humour*, he was engaged to perform a few nights in a principal city in the north of England.—It happened, that the stage in which he went down (and in which was only an old gentleman and himself) was stopped on the other side Finchley Common, by a single highwayman, who having put the usual compliments to the old gentleman,

and received his contribution, turned towards Shuter (who sat on the other side of the coach asleep, or at least pretending to be so) saluting him with a smart slap on the face, and presenting his pistol, he commanded him to deliver his money instantly, or he was a dead man. "Money," returns the droll, with a shrug, a very deliberate yawn, and a countenance inexpressibly vacant, "O Lud, Sir, they never trusts me with any; for nuncle here, always pays for me twinpikes an' all, your honour." The highwayman gave him a few curses for his stupidity, and rode off while the old gentleman grumbled, and Shuter, with infinite satisfaction and laugh, pursued the rest of his journey.

Advertisement.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Gazetteer*, in October last. 'A lady, in whose power it is to promote the interest of a single gentleman, is willing to engage her friendship to him, if possessed of honour, spirit, address and secrecy. As this address may possibly engage the attention of many, it may be necessary to say, that no person can reap the proposed advantage, unless above a mean suspicion, and capable from his fortune, as well as disposition, to *do a favour immediately* for the advertiser.

To the honour of our departed Aristophanes it is to be remarked, that he was not more eminent for being a man of wit himself, than for being a patron of wit in others. Happening to be in the city, some years ago, while a number of convicts were marching along hand-cuffed, in order to be conveyed on board a vessel in the river, destined to carry them, passage free, over the *herring-pond*, curiosity induced him to stop, and take a view of them.—Nothing could exceed the apparent gaiety of the culprits; of whom, some were whistling, some singing, and all beating time to the rude notes of the tabor and pipe, which they had hired to celebrate the *happy event* of their departure to the *New World*.—In a fit of amazement, "Bless me!" cried Foote aloud, to a friend
who

who accompanied him, "how merry these poor fellows are!" "Merry!" sharply returned one of the convicts with an arch grin—"And why not, master?—D—n me, Sir, if you will come along with us, you will be quite *transported*"—Highly delighted with the novelty of the repartee, and the more so as coming from a quarter, whence it could have been so little expected, Mr. Foote enquired into the nature of the fellow's offence; and finding it to be a trivial one, he never rested till he had obtained him a free pardon, and even put him in a way to obtain an honest livelihood.

Two persons in company laid a wager which of them could reach the highest; a third, who was remarkable for tricking and taking in the unwary in the way of business, got up and proposed a bett of two bottles to one, that he could reach higher than either of them. One of them replied with a sneer; "Yes, Sir, we all know perfectly well that you can *over-reach* any of us."

The Story of a superannuated Husband.

S I R,

I am one of those unhappy old blockheads, whose passions outlive the power of indulgence, and are perpetually dreaming of a marriage bed, instead of thinking seriously about the purchase of a winding sheet.—I am turned of sixty-five, worn away to a skeleton by a variety of diseases, the consequence of my youthful indiscretion, and am almost six months married to an amiable unhappy woman just bordering on twenty-two.

Being last Easter, Sir, at my son's in the country, I accidentally saw a young lady who was intimately acquainted with my grand-daughter Sally, and whom, on enquiry, I found to be the daughter of a curate lately settled in those parts, who had nothing to maintain a wife and four children but a slender forty pounds a year.—Maria, the young lady's name in question, was the eldest, and had no other fortune than a most engaging person, an irresistible face, a good heart, and a fine understanding.—These however had procured her the addresses

of one Mr. Markham, a very worthy young fellow in the neighbourhood, who had newly set up in the grocery trade, with a capital of 3000*l.* and who by her father's permission and the consent of his own friends, was to be married to her on the Sunday fortnight following.

There was something so engaging about Maria, as strangely affected me, and made me at once both very uneasy and very much ashamed. All thoughts of an intercourse with the sex at my time of life, I was sensible should have totally subsided; yet notwithstanding a conviction of that nature, I was determined, if there was a possibility of my succeeding, to have her.—In vain my son pointed out the ridicule I should incur by so disproportioned a match; in vain did my daughter, nay my grand-daughter too, endeavour to laugh me out of so preposterous a design; and in vain did my own reflexion dwell upon the striking disparity of my years, and the greatness of my infirmities.—My authority silenced the remonstrances of my children, and my vanity turned a deaf ear to the self-convicted poignancy of my own.—The circumstance of years I thought my generosity would sufficiently counterbalance, and as for my disorders, I fancied my cough was considerably abated, and that under a proper regimen, my gout might be rendered less troublesome, and the rheum of my eyes totally removed.—I sent for an empiric to make me a handsome set of teeth; exchanged my venerable tye, for a smart fashionable bob, affected to read without spectacles; and threw by my crutch headed stick.

Not to trouble you, Sir, Mr. Grasply, Maria's father, the moment I proposed a jointure was in a transport; a promise of providing for his other children threw him into an ecstasy, and the reversion of a good living on my own estate, rendered him incapable of speaking a single word.—Maria, after a thousand intreaties and as many floods of tears, not to be sacrificed, as she called it; and a vain attempt of escaping to her dear Mr. Markham, was dragged to church in three days after, and came home Mrs. Totterly.

Having thus fortunately secured her for my wife, I thought my felicity almost compleated, and that the moment

moment her tears were a little dried up, I should be the happiest of men.—But alas, I found a great difference betwixt the possession of an unwilling hand and the enjoyment of a warm reciprocally beating heart : it required but small penetration to discover that I was the object of her unalterable aversion, and that the violence I had done to her real inclinations would plant perpetual thorns on her pillow, and fix everlasting anxiety on mine.

I will not trouble you with a repetition of particular circumstances ; suffice it, that notwithstanding I have used every method I could possibly devise to excite her gratitude or engage her esteem, in the calmest of her moments, she looks upon me with a rooted hatred, or a contemptuous disgust.—I in vain tempt her with equipage and dress ; if the carriage is ordered to the door she has the head ach ; and if I order home a fresh piece of silk, it is thrown neglected on the floor.—Instead of mixing with society, she shuts herself up the principal part of the day in her closet, and if I chance by accident to break in, I surprize her in tears.—If my infirmities oblige me to the use of a separate bed, I am uneasy at being from her, and yet I am miserable by the horror she expresses in her looks, if they do not : if she chances to doze, the heaviness of her sighs distract me to the last degree, and if she mentions the word Markham in her dreams, as she frequently does, it is a scorpion of the most deadly nature, and stings me to the heart.

Upon the whole, sleep or awake, at bed, or abroad ; I am the most miserable of men ; and what, like a ridiculous dotard, I fancied would prove the greatest blessing of my life, by a just dispensation of providence, turns out my unalterable curse.—O Sir, to a man not altogether destitute of sensibility, what situation can be so truly wretched as mine ? without a friend to whom I can vent my griefs, without a bosom which I dare beg to pity my distress, to be despised by the woman I doat upon to madness, and to be a real object of contempt to myself, is too much !—to be loaded with years, and so borne down with infirmities, as to stand one continued mummy of emaciation, one complicated hoard of disease,

is a dreadful reflexion for a new married man.—A man totally incapable of inspiring a passion of the least tender nature, and as totally incapable of gratifying it if he could.

From my story let other dotards beware of following my example; for be assured, wherever there is a striking disparity of years, and the odds against the man, a very little time will convince him of his error, and make him wish, with me, that he had sent for an Undertaker and been buried fifty fathom quick before he made so preposterous a choice of a wife.

I am, Sir, &c.

Charles Totterly.

A few hours before the earl of Chesterfield died, they repeated to him a quarrel which had been between Miss Pelham and Mrs. Fitzroy, in regard to the reputation of Mr. Frere, late master of the thatched-house in St. James's-street; and words rising very high, Mrs. Fitzroy gave Miss Pelham a slap upon the cheek. Ay, says his lordship, I am not surprized at that;—*I always thought Mrs. Fitzroy a striking beauty.*

Sitting in a coffee-room, one day, and a dog being very troublesome, Aristophanes bid the waiter kick him out; but in the hurry of business he forgot it. The dog continuing to pester him, he said if the waiter did not kick the dog out, he would kick him out. "Sir;" said a young "coxcomb, I perceive you are not fond of dogs."—"No," said he, nor puppies neither."

As Tom F—— (the celebrated *Corruuto*) was boasting, in company, what a number of children his wife had brought him: "Aye (said Foote, with a sly wink) there would be some reason for all this triumph, could you but tell who was the *father* of them."

When Mr. Foote was told, about a week before his death, of the singular circumstance of a banker's wife, in Birmingham, *making it a point* to be always in the straw at the time of her majesty's lying-in, he burst into an im-
moderate

moderate fit of laughter, and (shaking his sides all the while) said it put him in mind of a courtier who (as the story went when he was a boy) had been so used to pay homage to majesty, that when queen Anne, one day at the levee, asked him, when he expected his lady would be brought to bed, instantly replied, with a profound bow—*Whenever your majesty shall think proper.*

An Italian gentleman, who was dangerously ill, and at the same time heavily charged with debts, told his confessor that the only favour he had to ask of Heaven, was, that his life might be prolonged till he discharged them. Then replied the priest, since your reason for wishing to live is so just, I pray that your prayers may be heard. Ay, father, answered the sick man, I pray that they may, for I am sure if I live till I pay all my debts, I shall never die.

An Irish fellow, vaunting of his birth and family, affirmed, that when he came first to England, he made such a figure, that the bells rung in all towns through which he passed, till he came to London; “Ay (said a gentleman in company) I suppose that was, because you came up in a waggon with a bell-team.”

Lord Chesterfield asked a lady of seventy, at what age a woman's amorous passions subside. “Indeed, my lord, (said she) you must ask a woman older than myself, for I am unable to inform you.”

The Pad.

A gentleman of Gloucestershire, some time ago, had a wife not of the most agreeable humour in the world; however, as an indulgent husband, he had bought her a fine pad, which soon after gave her a fall that broke her neck. Another gentleman in the same neighbourhood, blessed likewise with a Vermagant spouse, asked the widower if he would sell his wife's pad, for he had a great fancy for it, and he would give him what he would.

have for it. "No," said the other, "I don't care to sell it, for I am not sure I shan't marry again."

An Irish fortune-hunter at Bath, telling Mr. Foote, that he had got an excellent phæton on the new plan; I am rather of opinion," replied the other, that you have got it on the old plan, for I suppose you never intend to pay for it.

Some ladies in the long room at Bath, observed colonel J——n was a smart fellow: Mr. Wilkes being present, chose to exercise his wit, by immediately asking him, who was his taylor? Oh, sir, says the colonel, he won't do for you, he deals for "ready money only."

Dr. Johnson, being once in conversation with a gentleman of Glasgow, the latter mentioned many fine prospects, that were to be seen at and near Edinburgh. When he had done, Johnson said, "I believe, Sir, you have forgot to mention the best prospect of the whole."—"What is that?"—"The road from Edinburgh to London."

At a coffee-house not a mile from Temple-Bar, a countryman of Mr. Burke the great Irish patriot, speaking of that gentleman as a great orator, said, "Upon my conscience he speaks with the tongue of an angel; for when I heard him, I thought the devil was in the man."

A ragged fellow boasting of the antiquity of his family, and what arms they bore; "Very likely (said Foote who happened to be present) you may have a coat of arms, but I see you have hardly got arms to your coat."

Lady B——L——, being at the play of the Hypocrite, in which there are several Latin sentences, she applied to a macaroni who sat behind her for an explanation. He said it was dog Latin, and he could not explain it. "It is strange," cried she, "that a puppy should not understand his own language."

Mr. Foote seeing an Irish gentleman superbly dressed, just

just after he had taken the benefit of the Insolvent Act, said, "Throw an Irishman into the Thames naked at low water, and he will come up with the tide at Westminster-bridge, with a laced coat and a sword on."

A country fellow brought a letter to a gentleman's house, but he not being at home, he left it with a monkey that stood at the door. The gentleman afterwards meeting with the man, was very angry with him. "Sir, said he, an't please your worship, I delivered it to your *son*, who was at the door." "My *son*! says he; 'twas a monkey!" "Truly, says the fellow, I thought it was your *son*, he was so very like *you*."

A man who was blind of an eye, met, very early one morning, a crook-back'd man, to whom he said, Friend, you are loaded betimes: the crooked man replied, It must indeed be betimes, since you have got but one of your *window's* open.

Mr. Foote being one day asked, how it happened that the highest places, and more remarkable services, were not given by government to persons who excelled in knowledge and judgment; but commonly to those who are deficient in those points? to which the other dryly and readily answered: "It is an old established custom, which promises never to be forgotten, to lay the heaviest load on asses, not men."

As a countryman was sowing his field, two London Bucks happened to ride by; one of whom, thinking to make fun of the old Put, (as they styled him) called out to him, "Well, honest countryman! it is you who sow, but, egad, it is we who reap the fruit."—"Mayhap it may be so, master," quoth the countryman; "there's many a true word spoke in joke; and, be it known to you, I am sowing hemp."

A certain gambling man of quality, having thought proper to marry a notorious woman of the town, Mr. Foote was one day asked what he thought of the alliance.

"Think

"Think of it (replied Sam) why that nothing could be more strictly in character; don't you know that *brimstone* and *cards* make admirable matches?"

Some years ago, Mr. Foote and Dr. Johnson, being in company together, the emigration of the Scotch to London became the subject of conversation: Foote insisted that the emigrants were as numerous in the former, as in the present reign; the doctor the contrary: this dispute continued with a friendly warmth for some time, when Johnson called out, "You are certainly wrong, Sam; but I see you are deceived; you cannot distinguish them now as formerly; for the fellows all come *breeched* to the capital of late years."

A gentleman just married, telling Foote he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewels for his *dear wife*. "Faith, Sir," says the wit, "I see you are no hypocrite, for she is truly your *dear wife*."

Sir Francis Blake Delaval having married an extremely ugly lady, though very rich, Foote observed, that Sir Francis had bought her by *weight*, and paid nothing for *fashion*.

When Mr. Foote heard of the above gentleman's death, the shock of losing so intimate a friend had such an effect on his spirits, that he burst into tears, retired to his room, and saw no company for two days: the third day, Jewel, his treasurer, calling in upon him, he asked him, with swollen eyes, what time would the burial be? "Not till next week, Sir," replied the other, "as I hear the surgeons are first to dissect his *head*." This last word recovered the wit's fancy, and repeating it with some surprise, he asked, "And what the devil will they get there? I am sure," says he, "I have known poor Frank these five and twenty years, and I never could find *any* thing in it."

The death of the late Mr. Holland, of Drury-Lane theatre (who was the son of a *baker* at Chiswick) had likewise

wife a very great effect on Foote's spirits; being a legatee, as well as appointed, by the will of the deceased, one of his bearers, he attended the corpse to the family vault at Chiswick, and there very sincerely paid a plentiful tribute of tears to his memory. On his return to town, by way of alleviating his grief, he called in at the Bedford coffee-house, when an acquaintance coming up to him, asked him, if he had not been paying the last compliment to his friend Holland? "Yes, poor fellow," says Foote, almost weeping at the same time, "I have just seen him *shoved into the family oven.*"

Foote being engaged to a rout of lady Harrington's, found the ladies all so thickly seated, that on his entering the drawing-room, he could not get a place to sit down in. "Come, Mr. Foote," says her ladyship, "*you must not be kept standing, take a chair.*" "You are very obliging, my lady," says the wit; "but there appears to me to be more *bottoms than chairs* at present about the room."

At Mr. Fordyce's sale at Roehampton, Foote, who attended almost every day, bought nothing but a *pillow*, on which a gentleman asked him, what particular use he could have for a single pillow? "Why," says Foote, "to tell you the truth, I do not sleep very well at night, and I am sure this must give me many a good nap, when the proprietor of it (though he *owed so much*) could, *sleep upon it.*"

Foote and Garriek being at a tavern together at the time of the first regulation of the gold coin, the former pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, asked the latter, "What he should do with a light guinea he had!" "Phaw, its worth nothing," says Garrick, "*fling it to the devil.*" "Well, David," says the other, "you are what I always took you for, ever contriving to *make a guinea go further than any other man.*"

About three years ago, Foote went to spend his Christmas with the late C—— B——n, Esq; when the weather

ther being very cold, and but bad fires, occasioned by the scarcity of wood in the house, Foote was determined to make his visit as short as possible; accordingly, on the third day after he went there, he ordered his chaise, and was preparing to set out for town. Mr. B——n seeing him with his boots on in the morning, asked him what hurry he was in, and pressed him to stay. "No, no," says Foote, "was I to stay any longer, you would not let me *have a leg to stand on.*" "Why sure," says Mr. B——n, "we do not drink so *hard.*" "No," says the wit, "but there is so *little* wood in your house, that I am afraid one of your servants may light the fires some morning with *my right leg.*"

Foote rattling away one evening in his green-room with great wit and brilliancy, as he usually did; the Duke of C——d, who was present, and seemed highly entertained, cried out, "Well, Foote, you see I swallow all your good things." "Do you, my Lord Duke," says the other, "why then I congratulate you on your digestion, for I believe you never *threw up* one of them in your life."

Soon after Savigny (who was a cutler by profession) appeared at Covent-garden theatre in *Barbarossa*, Lady Harrington observed to Foote, that he was really very *cutting*. "Oh! dear madam," says Foote, "I am not much surprized at that, consider he is a *razor grinder.*"

Foote being some time since at a nobleman's house, his Lordship, as soon as dinner was over, ordered a bottle of Cape to be set on the table, which, after magnifying its good qualities, and in particular its *age*, he sent it round the table in glasses that scarcely held a thimble-full. "Fine wine, upon my soul," says the wit, tasting and smacking his lips. "Is it not very *curious*," says his Lordship; "perfectly so indeed," says the other; "I do not remember to have seen any thing *so little of its age* in my life before."

A wicked man among the chief citizens of Athens,
asking

asking a Lacedemonian who was the best man in Lacedæmon, received this ingenious answer, "Tis he who is the least to be compared to you."

A Frenchman, who spoke very broken English, having some words with his wife, endeavoured to call her bitch, but could not recollect the name. At last he thought he had done it, by saying, "Begar, mine deare, but you be vone vile dog's wife." "Aye, that's true enough," answered the woman, "the more is my misfortune."

A humorous fellow, a carpenter, being subpoena'd as a witness on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel, who was very much given to brow-beat the evidence, asked him, "What distance he was from the parties when he saw the defendant strike the plaintiff?" The carpenter answered, "Just four feet, five inches and an half." "Prithee, fellow," said the counsel, "how is it possible you can be so very exact as to the distance?" "Why, to tell you the truth," says the carpenter, "I thought perhaps that some fool or other might ask me, and so I measured it."

Round Shoulders.

A lady observing in the hearing of Mr. Foote, that his Majesty had round shoulders—"No wonder, Madam," quoth the humourist, his Majesty, you know, has the burthen of three kingdoms on them."

Cock your Chin.

Two gentlemen disputing in a coffee-house where Mr. Foote was, one of them began to rear his crest at the other. "Don't cock your chin at me," (cried he)—"Never fear him (said Aristophanes) his head is not charged."

As an archbishop reprehended some actions of Elizabeth, queen of England, and proved by the scripture, that she had acted more like a politician than a christian, she an-

swered, "I see plainly that you have read the *Scripture*, but not the *Book of Kings*.

A Frenchman's Description of London.

London is an assembly of merchants and philosophers, who live in perfect harmony. The philosopher forms systems, falls into a consumption, and dies without having deranged the domestic system of his neighbour, who gets his wife with child, eats roast-beef and plum-pudding, and dies of indigestion.

Whimsical Anecdote of the late Duke of Newcastle.

At the close of the election at Lewes, the late duke of Newcastle was so delighted with the conduct of a casting voter, that he almost *fell upon his neck and kissed him*. — "My dear friend! I love you dearly. You're the greatest man in the world. I long to serve you. What can I do for you?" — "May it please your grace, an exciseman of this town is very old: I would beg leave to succeed him as soon as he shall die." — "Aye, that you shall with all my heart. I wish, for your sake, he were dead and buried now. As soon as he is, set out to me, my dear friend: be it night or day, insist upon seeing me, sleeping or waking: If I am not at Claremont, come to Lincoln's-inn fields; if I am not at Lincoln's-inn fields, come to court; if I am not at court, never rest till you find me; not the *sanctum sanctorum*, or any place, shall be kept sacred from such a dear, worthy, good soul as you are. Nay, I'll give orders for you to be admitted, though the king and I were talking secrets together in the cabinet." — The voter swallowed every thing with extasy; and scraping down to the very ground, retired to wait in faith for the death of the excise-man. The latter took his leave of this wicked world in the following winter. As soon as ever the duke's friend was apprized of it, he set off for London, and reached Lincoln's-inn fields by about two o'clock in the morning. The king of Spain had, about this time, been seized by a disorder which some of the English had been induced to believe, from particular expresses, he could not possibly survive.

survive. Amongst these, the noble duke was the most credulous, and probably the most anxious. On the very first moment of receiving his intelligence, he had dispatched couriers to Madrid, who were commanded to return with unusual haste, as soon as ever the death of his Catholic majesty should have been announced. Ignorant of the hour in which they might arrive, and impatient of the fate of every hour, the duke would not retire to rest till he had given the strictest orders to his attendants, to send any person to his chamber who should desire admittance. When the voter asked if he was at home, he was answered by the porter—"Yes; his grace has been in bed some time, but we were directed to awaken him as soon as ever you came."—"Ah, God bless him! I know that the duke always told me I should be welcome by night or by day. Pray shew me up."—The happy visitor was scarcely conducted to the door, when he rushed into the room, and, in the transport of his joy, cried out, "My lord, he is dead."—"That's well, my dear friend! I'm glad of it, with all my soul. When did he die?"—"The morning before last, and please your grace."—"What? so lately! Why, my worthy good creature, you must have flown. The lightning itself could not travel half so fast as you. Tell me, you best of men, how shall I reward you?"—"All I wish for, in this world, is, that your grace would please to remember your kind promise, and appoint me to succeed him."—"You, you blockhead! You king of Spain! What family pretensions can you have? Let's look at you."—By this time the astonished duke threw back the curtains, and recollected the face of his electioneering friend; but it was seen with rage and disappointment. To have robbed him of his rest, might easily have been forgiven; but to have sed him with a groundless supposition that the king of Spain was dead, became a matter of resentment. He was, at first, dismissed with all the violence of anger; which presently subsiding, his grace, unable to refrain from laughing at the oddity of the mistake, sent for him back, and with great good humour granted his request.

When

When Mr. Foot was told of the Duke of Cumberland's marriage, he said, "I am glad to hear it, and hope it will be the last foolish thing he will do."

A native of Hanover was saying he wished he was in his own dear country again. "Ay, (cried Foote) you may well call it a *dear* country; for it has cost England three times more than 'tis worth."

Foote being asked whether he had seen a certain lady, who painted much, replied, "No one has seen her *face* here these ten years."

One day a country gentleman, at a Coffee-house, having a news-paper in his hand, said to Foote, who sat next him, "I have been looking some time to see what the ministry are about, but I cannot find where those articles are put, not being used to the London papers." To which Foote answered, "Look amongst the robberies."

A person asking Foote what was become of the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson; Foote replied, he had been for some time a *rambler*; he next turned *idler*; and at last dwindled into a spreader of *false alarms*.

Counsellor Harwood, a late celebrated Irish lawyer, as remarkable for his *brogue*, as for his bon mots, being counsel against a young officer, who was indicted for a very indecent assault, opened the court in the following manner: "My lord, I am council in this cause for the crown, and I am first to acquaint your lordship that this *soldier* here—" "Stop, Sir," says the ignorant military hero, (who thought he used the word *soldier* as a term of reproach) "I would have you know, Sir, I am an *officer*." "Oh, Sir! I beg your pardon," says the counsellor, very drily. "Why then, my lord, to speak more correctly; this officer here, who is no *soldier*."

Obstinacy of a Quaker.

A Quaker, driving in a single horse chaise, up a green lane

lane that leads from Newington-green to Hornsey, happened to meet with a young blood, who was also in a single-horse chaise. There was not room enough for them to pass each other, unless one of them would back his carriage, which they both refused. "I'll not make way for you," says the blood, "d——n me if I will." "I think I am older than thou art," said the Quaker, "and therefore I have a right to expect thee to make way for me." "I won't, damn me," resumed the first. He then pulled out a news-paper and began to read, as he sat still in his chaise; the Quaker observing him, pulled a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and with a convenience which he carried about him, struck a light, illuminated his pipe, and sat and fumed away very comfortably. —"Friend," said he to the young blood, "*when thou hast read that paper through, I should be glad if thou wouldst lend it me.*" My young gentleman, seeing the obstinacy of the Quaker was not to be overcome, prudently made way for him, but not till he had favoured him with a few oaths, curses, and imprecations.

Anecdote of the Duchess of Kingston.

The present duchess of Kingston, when Miss Chudleigh, having obtained for her mother a suite of chambers at Hampton-Court, his late majesty, some time after, meeting her at the levee, asked her how her mother liked her new apartments? "Perfectly well, Sire," says the other, "in point of room and situation, if the poor woman had but a bed, and a few chairs to put in them." "O, by all means," says the king; and immediately gave orders for furnishing her bed-chamber. In a few months after this order, the bill was brought in, which ran thus: "To a bed, &c. for Mrs. Chudleigh *four thousand pounds.*" The sum was so great the lord-chamberlain would not pass the account until he shewed it to the king. His majesty immediately saw how he was taken in; but it was too late to retract; he accordingly gave orders for the payment, and observed at the same time, if Mrs. Chudleigh found the bed *as hard as he did*, she would never lie down on it as long as she lived.

NEW

NEW AND CHOICE CONUNDRUMS.

1. **W**HY is a Lawyer like a Lion?
2. Why is King George like a *Steeple*?
3. Why is Lord Sandwich like a First Rate Man of War?
4. Why is Lord North like *Number 1*?
5. Why is he like a *Cypher*?
6. Why are the Patriots like a *light Guinea*?
7. Why is a Counsellor's Head like a *Barber's Block*?
8. Why is a Weathercock like a *Man of War*?
9. Why are Lord Chesterfield's Letters like *Syllabus*?
10. Why is a Woman in Labour like a *Glass Window*?
11. Why is a Dog like a *Critic*?
12. Why is going to Law like going to *Tyburn*?
13. Why is an inconstant Woman like *Quicksilver*?
14. Why are many of our great Men like *Houses*?
15. Why are they like *Mountebanks*?

SOLUTIONS TO THE CONUNDRUMS.

1. Because he goes about seeking whom he may devour.
2. Because he is the *Head* of the Church.
3. Because he is at the Head of the Navy.
4. Because he is the *first figure* in the Ministry.
5. Because when he *standeth by himself* he is useless.
6. Because they want *Weight*.
7. Because it wears Wigs of *different Sizes*.
8. Because it moves when the Wind blows.
9. Because they are *frothy*.
10. Because she is full of *pains*.
11. Because he *snarls*.
12. Because it brings on *Repentance*.
13. Because there is no *fixing her*.
14. Because their *upper Stories* are worst furnished.
15. Because they *play the fool*.

What a sweep has death made within a very few Years in the Theatrical World!—Havard, Holland, Powell, Mossop, Palmer, Welton, Woodward, Shuter, Dyer, Barry, Foote, Dunstall; and at length the Prince of them all, Garrick! all, all gone to that country,

“From whose Bourne no Traveller returns.”

F I N I S.